THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIDNEY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1554.

Choice Poetry.

TRUST TO THE FUTURE.

Trust to the Future: the gloomy and cheerless
Pierce in the dark Past, like a ghost, at thy back,
Look not behind thee; be hopeful and fearless;
Steer for the right way and keep to the track:
Fling off Despair—it has strength like a giant;
Shoulder thy purpose, and boldly defiant!
Turn to the Light, stand unmoved and resistant!
Faith and God's promise the brave never lack.

Trust to the Future: the Present may fright thee,
Bowling in deadly close at the end of its race;
Face it unmoved, and no Present can blight thee—
He who stands boldly, each blast shall abide;
Never a storm but the blasted air sends it,
Never a storm but the sunshine succeeds it;
Wait! see a lesson, and be silent and ready!
Rightly, who takes it and makes it his guide.

Trust to the Future: it stands like an angel,
Waiting to lead thee, to bless and to cheer,
Singing of Hope, like some blessed Evangel,
Laying thee on to a brighter career.
Why startled the Past or the Present oppress thee?
Slaving on their ends, fix, with arms to caress thee,
Out, the Great Future stands, stunning to bless thee
From boldly forward, nor yield to a fear.

Trust to the Future: it will not deceive thee,
Do then but meet it with brave heart and strong,
Now begin living anew, and believe me,
Gladness and strength will follow ere long:
Never a night, but there cometh a morrow—
Never a grief, but the hopeful will borrow
Something of gladness to lighten the sorrow;
Life even such is a Conqueror's song!

Trust to the Future, then—sorrow from thy memory cast!
Faith and a firm heart are all that you need;
God and His goodness put ye on their armor,
Harvest of joy, it we'll but sow the seed!
Trust to the Future—all Life will be glorious
Trust, for in trusting the soul is victorious,
Trust—and in trusting be strong and industrious:
Up and be doing, and give God the meed!

Pictures of Life.

FROM CHILCOTE'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY W. WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "ANTONINA."

Among those who attended the fete of the Kings's convocation, during the London season of 18—, was an unmarried gentleman of large fortune, named Stroudhill. While his carriage was proceeding slowly down St. James's Street, he was vainly sought such amusement and occupation as he could find, in looking at the various objects around him. The day was unusually favorable for spectators thronged the streets and the balconies of the houses were filled with ladies, all at the different equipages with an eager curiosity and interest, as if the exhibition of the royal carriages made them were the rarest objects of consideration in the whole metropolis. Proceeding at a slower and slower pace, Mr. Stroudhill's carriage had just arrived at the middle of the street, when a large equipage, not unlike his own, attracted his attention immediately.

He had never beheld anything so beautiful, anything which struck him with such strange, mingled, and sudden sensations, as this face.—In the grand guard on the family carriage where he was, or what he was doing, until the line of vehicles began again to move on. Then —after he had assembled the scattered of the house—he flung himself back in the carriage, and tried to recover his composure, to restore himself into self-possession—but it was all in vain. He was seized with that sensible form of nervous uneasiness, called "fidgets," he could not sit still. He entered the palace, greeted his old friends, and performed all the customary courtly duties, but during the whole time he was in a trance. He spoke mechanically, and moved mechanically—the lovely face in the balcony so haunted his thoughts, to the exclusion of everything else.

On his return home, he had engagements for the afternoon and the evening—he forgot and broke them all; and walked back in St. James's Street as soon as he had changed his dress.

The hall-boy was empty—the night-servs, who had stood it but a few hours before, had forgotten—but stoicism of all sorts now landed only to stimulate Mr. Stroudhill. It was his business to ascertain the parentage of the young lady—determined to look on the lovely face again—the forenoonner of his heart had been touched for the First Time! Without loss of time the shop-keeper to whom the footman had driven, was sent for by a purchaser. All that he could tell, in answer to inquiries, was that he had let his lodgings to a Mr. Sherf, gentleman and his wife, from the country, who had asked some friends into their lodgings to see the carriages go to the fete. Nothing, whatever, could be questioned and questioned again. What was the old gentleman's name? Dundas—Could he see Mr. Dundas's servant?—The obsequious shop-keeper had no doubt that he could: Mr. Dundas's servant should be sent to Mr. Stroudhill's house directly.

In a few minutes the servant, the all-important link in the chain of Love's evidence, made his appearance. He was a pompous, portly man, who boasted of having lived in the family of a Lord judicial calibre, to Mr. Stroudhill's rapid and somewhat confused inquiries, which were accompanied by a liberal description of the young lady, and by several explanatory manoeuvres, all very handsome, and all very plentiful, though not very new—and, and suspicious as all stupid people are, he had nevertheless seen enough to perceive that he was addressed by the same amiable and gentlemanly person in full considerably mollified by the handsome fee which was slipped into his hand. After much preliminary circumlocution he at last arrived at the conclusion that the fair object of Mr. Stroudhill's admiration was Miss Langley, who had joined the party in the balcony that morning, with her mother; and who was the daughter of Mr. Langley, of Langley Hall, Devonshire. The family were now staying in London, at present. More information than this, the servant stated that he could not afford—he was certain that he had made no mistake, for Miss Langley's name was on the large packing ladies in the house that morning—however, if Mr. Stroudhill was in doubt on the matter, he was ready to carry any message with which he might be charged.

But Mr. Stroudhill had already heard enough for his purpose, and departed at once for his club, determined to discover some means of being introduced in due form to Miss Langley, before he slept that night—though he should travel round the whole circle of his acquaintance—high and low, rich and poor—in making the attempt. Arrived at the club, he began to inquire cautiously, in all directions, for a friend who knew Mr. Langley, of Langley Hall. His disturbed gastronomic gentlemen at their dinner; he interrupted aged cullereal gentlemen who were mounting over the prospects of the harvest; he stunned literary gentlemen who were deep in the critical mysteries of the last Review; he invaded billiard-room, drawing-room, smoking room; he was more like a frantic accidentist whipper-in, trusting no stop nowhere for a division, than an ordinary man; and the climax he was defeated in his object, the more determined he was to succeed. At last, just as he had despaired of everybody and of he knew, just as he was standing in the hall of the club-house thinking where he should go next, a friend arrived, who at once relieved him of all his difficulties—a precious, an estimable man, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Langley, and had been lately staying at Langley Hall. To this friend all the lover's cares and anxieties were at once confided; and a fitter depositary for such secrets of the heart could hardly have been found. He made no joke—for he was not a humorist—he abstained from shaking his head and recommending prudence—for he was not a cautious husband, or an experienced father—and what he really did was to enter heart and soul into his friend's projects—for he was delighted with that position, the only position, in which the male sex generally take a proper interest in match-making: he was a newly married man.

Two days after, Mr. Stroudhill was the happiest of mortals—he was introduced to the lady of his love—to Miss Jane Langley. As nearly enjoyed the prindest privilege of looking again on the face in the carriage, and looking on it at most as often as he wished. It was perfectly admissible enough long before the explanation. He was a handsome man, as accomplished man, and a rich man. His two first qualifications were those of the daughter, and his third the father. In six weeks Mr. Stroudhill was the accepted suitor of Miss Jane Langley.

The wedding-day was fixed—it was arranged that the marriage should take place at Langley Hall, whither the family proceeded, leaving the unwilling lover in London, a prey to all the intolerable torments of the tender passion. For ten days did the ruthless lawyers—those blood-weighing harlots—keep the lack of Hymen's key, their victim imprisoned in the metropolis, occupied over settlements that never seemed likely to be settled. But even the long delays of the law has its end like other mortal things; and the expiration of the ten days all was completed, and Mr. Stroudhill found himself at liberty to start for Langley Hall.

A large party was assembled at the house to grace the approaching nuptials. There were to be balls, dinners, wedding-breakfasts, riding exercises, amusements of all sorts—the whole to conclude (in the phill-ish phrase) with the grand wedding-ball. Mr. Stroudhill arrived rather late; dinner was ready: he had barely time to dress, and then hustle into the drawing room, to which the guests were flocking, to offer his hand to Miss Jane—all greetings with friends and introductions to strangers were postponed till the party met round the dining-table.

Grace had been said; the covers were taken off, and the business of eating commenced—but not beginning, when Mr. Stroudhill's eyes met those of Miss Jane, who was seated opposite to him, at the table. The guests near him, observing at the same moment, that he continued motionless, with his head bent down, and his eyes glanced at him inquiringly. To their astonishment, they found that the lover of the bride had remained in a state of the most profound abstraction, and that his countenance—usually so cheerful—had become deadly pale—his right features looked struck by paralysis. Several of his friends addressed him, but in vain—for the time he seemed to be stunned as sneezer. Then, still fixing his eyes upon the young lady opposite, he abruptly exclaimed, in a voice, the altered tones of which startled every one who heard him:—"That is the lady I saw in the balcony!—that woman is the only woman I can ever marry!" The next instant, without a word more of explanation, he left the room, and the guests who were looking on, to Miss Jane—all greetings with friends and introductions to strangers were postponed till the party met round the dining-table.

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One or two of the guests mechanically started up, as if to follow him—but they remained at the table, looking on each other in speechless surprise. But before any one could either act or speak, the gentleman whom the bride had closed on Mr. Stroudhill, the situation of all the company, and the cause of the confusion, and had fainted. Her mother and sisters removed her from the room immediately, aided by the footmen, who, in the confusion, had been unable again sank down over the company—they all looked around with one accord to the master of the house.

Mr. Langley's face and manner sufficiently indicated that he was not in the slightest degree secretly enduring. But he was a man of the world—neither by word nor action did he betray what was passing within him. He remained his place at the table, and begged his guests to do the same—to make allowance for the fright of what had happened; entreated everyone to forget it, or, if they remembered it at all, to remember it only as a mere accident which would no doubt be satisfactorily explained. Perhaps it was only a case of fainting—it was unusual to see her serious a one he must own. At any rate, whatever was the cause of the interruption (and he begged public and most strongly urged), the important enough to require everybody to forget around the table of the feast. He asked it as a favor to himself, that the conversation should be taken of what had occurred. While Mr. Langley was speaking thus, he hastily wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to one of the servants. The note was directed to Mr. Stroudhill's house in Grosvenor Square.

"Two hours hence, I shall expect to see you alone in the library."

The dinner proceeded; the pieces occupied by the removal of the dishes were filled up loudly by the young lady who had attracted Mr. Stroudhill's notice, and who had extricated Mr. Langley left vacant. Every one present endeavored to follow Mr. Langley's advice, and go through with the entertainment as if nothing had occurred; but the attempt failed miserably. Long, blank pauses were started, but never pursued—it was more like an assembly of strangers, met by meeting at a funeral, than a party met to eat, drink, and enjoy themselves. Wine and conversation went round, and the dessert was placed on the table—but the entertainment was a failure, and acquaintances, all alike, were glad to separate in full considerably mollified by the handsome fee which was slipped into his hand. After much preliminary circumlocution he at last arrived at the conclusion that the fair object of Mr. Stroudhill's admiration was Miss Langley, who had joined the party in the balcony that morning, with her mother; and who was the daughter of Mr. Langley, of Langley Hall, Devonshire. The family were now staying in London, at present. More information than this, the servant stated that he could not afford—he was certain that he had made no mistake, for Miss Langley's name was on the large packing ladies in the house that morning—however, if Mr. Stroudhill was in doubt on the matter, he was ready to carry any message with which he might be charged.

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"What explanation can I make?—what can I say, or think, of this most terrible of fatalities?" exclaimed Mr. Stroudhill, speaking falsely and confusedly; and still not looking up. "There has been an unexampled error committed!—a fatal mistake, which I could never have anticipated, and over which I had no control!"

"Enough, sir, of the language of romance," interrupted Mr. Langley, coldly: "I am neither of an age nor a disposition to appreciate it. I therefore, have received from sharing his hand and consenting

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

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8	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the postage *is just the same on a first class paper*, as on the *meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

[illegible]

...gentler, nobler, and more generous sympathies of our nature find their way into the heart. Their want of education has not been of the mind alone, but of the affections; and as it is ten thousand times more difficult to learn a language or a science in old age than in youth, so it is infinitely more difficult (if it be not impossible) to teach the science of the affections, and the language of the heart, to the old man whose youth has known nothing of either. Affliction and adversity teach ofttimes sympathy and benevolence—but to do so they must have followed on happier times, and not have been a birth portion.—You may praise and respect "Uncle Johns," but you cannot love them—neither can they love you.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM MRS. PEIRSON.

LIBERTY, *April 23rd*, 1851.

MR. SATURDAY EVENING POST—

My dear old friend:—

I have been purposing to remind you of my continued vitality, this long time—and the purpose might have remained good, for an indefinite period of futurity, if it had not have been hastened to its fulfillment by the perusal of an article under the head—"New Publications,"—in your 1549th No.

I am happy to find that you are not a *believer* in the spiritual humbuggery of these most credulous times; for, to my "common-sense" perceptions, there cannot be fabricated a chapter of more contemptible twaddle, than the quotation which you give as a specimen, from "The Celestial Telegraph." It goes to strengthen the tenets of a sect of *sensual* religionists, who are striving to establish the unholy notion of spiritual connubiality, or matrimonial intercourse in Heaven; whereas, our Immaculate Lord and Saviour said, expressly—"For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in Heaven." Now these words of the Son of God appear to me an explicit declaration, that *sex* has nothing to do with the happiness of Heaven. Further—it is my opinion that the Infinite Wisdom which appointed the domestic relations, and family affections, here on earth, for the obvious purpose of multiplying mankind, *could* not continue those relations in a state of being in which no such [illegible]

[illegible]

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Clippings

[illegible]

PEACE MEETING.

[illegible]

COBBETT ON LOVE.

[illegible]

NEW LIGHTS.

[illegible]

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

[illegible]

CHLOROFORM.

[illegible]

THE NEW DRESS.

[illegible]

DOUBTFUL PROOF.

[illegible]

JENNY LIND.

[illegible]

WHO WAS IT?

[illegible]

MR. DEMPSTER.

[illegible]

A NEW FIRM.

[illegible]

THE LYDIAN QUEEN.

[illegible]

THE MAGIAN'S CUNNING.

[illegible]

A GREAT CITY.

[illegible]

THE STORMS.

[illegible]

BEING BUILT.

[illegible]

THE FATHER FINDS HIS HEART.

[illegible]

LONG BEACH.

[illegible]

ALL WRONG.

[illegible]

DECIDED.

[illegible]

THE CUBAN INVASION.

[illegible]

CHILD-MURDER.

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

SERIALS.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Secon Third Street, Phila.,
Where Deeds, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Checks, Cards, Circulars, Labels, Blanks, &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and for the most reasonable terms.
DRAGON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the Interests of Mrs. Southworth's Revoirs, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. In the mean time we hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Dark Hand, by T. S. Arthur.
The Maniac of the Revine, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Rob Cap," &c.
The Texan Horseman, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Hunt in the Kye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, Current News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

Female Domestics' Friend Society.—At an Adjourned Meeting of ladies, held on the 18th ult., at 102 South Seventh Street, the following resolutions were adopted for the formation of an Institution to be worthy of consideration, and to be entitled "The Female Domestic Friend Society." A Provisional Committee was appointed, consisting of the following ladies, with power to add to their numbers:

Mrs. Wm. Peter, Mrs. Jas. H. Wilson,
Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. J. Caldwell,
Mrs. Dr. McMurray, Mrs. Dr. Clarke,
Mrs. Chas. Palm, Miss Peter,
Mrs. Boswell, Miss West,
Mrs. Judge Read.

The following is the Preamble of the Constitution:

Whereas, a large and important class of females in our cities and densely-settled districts are not well-being not only affects themselves, but exerts a powerful influence on the moral conduct and happiness of the families in which they reside as servants, be it therefore, in the sense that future wives and mothers are, to a great extent, their instructors, and that their influence for good or evil is a coming generation, which these considerations are urged, and be it in free, thinking class, as tentatively experience testifies, that the needs of this class have been much neglected: Therefore, it is expedient that a Society of Ladies be formed, having for its object the care of all females seeking domestic employment, providing for them comfortable and healthful boarding-houses, adding them with advice, encouraging them in well-doing, and in the formation of such practicable manner, promoting their temporal welfare and their eternal interests, by affording the greater number of female domestics are intelligent, who, on their arrival, obtain the name of the "American Emigrants' Friend Society."

Resolved, That this Association be in connection with that Society.

Resolved, That this Preamble and project of the Constitution be printed, and a copy be furnished to every lady who will aid in the benevolent object.

Resolved, That when a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, a public meeting be convened, to adopt the Constitution, elect a Board of Managers.

Resolved, That in the interim, an office be opened, at 191 South Seventh Street, and that Mr. W. G. Carter be the Superintendent.

COLONIZATION

The free colored people of Cambridge, Md., held a meeting recently, to which they took into consideration their situation.—the United States A Committee of their number reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we believe, in view of the laws of the United States and the repugnant feeling therof, together with all the existing prejudices and circumstances, it would be best for us that we should as long as we remain in any State or Territory of the United States, we shall remain a poor, ignorant and degraded people.

Resolved, That we believe the time has come when the free people of color should turn their attention to the colonization of Liberia, and especially as it now is in the United States, and thence to the subject of emigration to Liberia; and we see only hope of salvation from their present degraded condition.

Resolved, That we believe it is a duty due to ourselves and children to procure information on the necessary knowledge or information in relation to Liberia as will enable us to emigrate thereto at an early day.

Resolved, That we, the better to acquire the desired information in relation to Liberia, form ourselves into a society, to be known as the Liberia Society, and that we appoint a committee of correspondence, consisting of the following persons: Samuel Benjamin (under and Thomas Fuller), to examine all letters relative to the laws and jurisdiction, and possess themselves of any and all information that the Society will obtain, and make report, or deliver the same to this Society as the duty may require of them.

Resolved, That this Society shall be known by the name of *Cambridge African Colonization Society* of Dorchester County.

Several emigrants who have recently gone to Liberia, have written back to friends in the United States that they are greatly pleased with the country.

MISS DIX.

Some ladies of Nashville recently requested the philanthropic Miss Dix to sit for her likeness by Hall, the sculptor. She loved Hall for the dangers of saving, in a permanent and pleasing form, a countenance expressive at once of benevolence, heroic energy, unyielding and moral strength, compassion and firmness."

Miss Dix, however, declined the compliment, saying:

Permit me, ladies, rather to *dwell in your hearts*, affectionately remembered, than to be a mere lover in the world's wild harvest fields; for, though our paths may conduct to different objects, our lives are alike devoted to lessen the woes of *suffering humanity*, and to do the little we can to alleviate the stern discipline by which the world improves the heavenly knowledge which cometh not to err.

To be remembered by you belongs to reveal in its holiest aspects the spirituality of religion, to bring consolation upon the wounded spirit, and sanctify and perpetuate by our lives and actions a remembrance of our unworthiness, and the cause many to feel that the world is better for our having lived in it.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 166—adults 91 and children 75.

Clippings.

17 I am passionately fond of painting, as the young boss said when he kissed the sugar cheek of his sweet-heart.

17 A boy who was sent to inquire how an old lady named Whitlow, was in health, advised her instead.—Flower, marm, mistress wants to know how old Mrs. Whitlow is, and if she is dead which the latter replied—"She is just seventy-four, by gosh!"

17 Tom Hood, the ever truthful and merry Tom Hood, defines a lunch to be "the full blown flower of a dinner without the thorns."

17 A Lone Striker.—The spinners at Fall River, Massachusetts, numbering 3,000 operatives, have struck for higher wages. They want *four cents* against a reduction of wages announcing to twenty-five per cent. The manufacturers of that town say they will not accede to the demand.

17 Infirmity may be considered as the purse, and frugality as its stringe, which should collect its fold with a firm and steady hand, that the contents may not be too difficult of access for necessary uses.

17 Major Jack Downing (a real Yankee) says his raising your hat to a young lady in the street, and having a couple of days' growth of beard, and a pair of socks to fall out upon the sidewalk.

17 If brick be boiled in water, and the former of pictures brushed with the liquid, it will prevent the flies from settling.

17 Cloth from flax cotton be made in the form of the Lowell Mills. The cloth is fortified, has the whiteness of cotton and the softness of flannel.

17 The Colonization Herald states that at the present moment there is not a white person resident in the Republic of Liberia! Every fever, chills, that of the President down to the lowest, is filled with emigrants from the United States, either colonies, or by civilized and christianized natives.

17 Several men have been arrested in Paris for selling the bones of deceased persons. In order to make Parisian bonaparte.

17 The Crown Prince Oscar of Sweden has rejected a proposal to open his siddage by proxy.

17 A greater breadth of land is now being cultivated in Ireland than the previous than during the last four years.

17 The Commune Hahn-hahn, whose novels have been very popular, has become a convert to the Roman Catholic Church.

17 The Khedive of Egypt, dated March 18th, describe, in mournful language, the destruction of ancient temples, &c., and state that little hope of saving them remains. He has ordered statues to Memphis, the finest in Egypt.

17 Great enthusiasm prevails in all parts of Ireland in favor of the movement of the Irish Boot Sugar Company, and from the residences of the clergy to give the project a fair trial next season the company will have factories in every part of the country.

17 The Emperor Napoleon, of Savoie, and his wife, formally refuse to accept the crown of Greece, giving their children, or any of the royal states of Memphis, the freest in Egypt.

17 Great enthusiasm prevails in all parts of Ireland in favor of the movement of the Irish Boot Sugar Company, and from the residences of the clergy to give the project a fair trial next season the company will have factories in every part of the country.

17 The Emperor Napoleon, of Savoie, and his wife, formally refuse to accept the crown of Greece, giving them to understand that a slight change in the constitution of that country would be necessary

Selected Poetry.

NEARER TO THEE.

BY WILLIAM A. CLARKE.

Yours, yours have fled, upon, buried in thy bosom wide.
The bud that drank beside the dew of the tree;
But with a gentler heart each day I resolve,
Because it brings me nearer still to thee.

The twilight comes, and robes in sadness'd splendor
All that is fairest, and all that is bright;
And o'er my spirit flings an embrace tender,
For in their hour I nearer am to thee.

The night is gone; and in the mists of morning
Paints the gray earth's blushing prisoner fled,
Then in my heart I feel a stronger yearning,
That closer me to I nearer yours to thee.

I recognize death, the quiet friendly vacation
Of Father's love, that loved and called by;
But there are raptures in eternity when it catches,
As if in dreams, a blessed glimpse of thee.

In these sweet moments that dear scene before me,
With kindred faces, flash near and more;
I feel thy presence like a blessing o'er me,
And then I kneel and pray to thee.

When then these dreams I tearfully awaken,
Colder than ever seems the earth to me;
For there no raptures meet the heart forsaken;
Am I not drawing nearer, nearer thee?

Then weep Little Angel! how I loved, adored then,
The Death bed and cradle more than all;
And now than heaven how all I have imagined then
To bring me nearer, nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee! I know my prayer is granted,
I know thy quiet now my every thought;
But, oh! in this lone hour my heart look heavenward,
Each pulsation brings me nearer unto thee.

Knickerbocker.

Choice Extracts.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

A DIALOGUE.

[In Bulwer's new novel, "Varieties in English Life," occurs the following excellent criticism upon the often-quoted phrase, "Knowledge is Power":]

Parson.—You take for your motto this aphorism?—*Knowledge is Power.*—Bacon.

Lord Lumley.—Yes, I take it for my motto.

Parson.—Then you have not studied it.

Lumley.—I intended, when I had leisure.

Parson.—Pardon me, you have studied it, and to the danger of his future. Assuredly to mislead his self-love, and confound his morality.

Parson.—Pardon me; and we are reply to your sentiment, that is often, by profession, have most limited knowledge have more influence than regulars and merchants, farmers and mechanics. Observe, all the knowledge that we possess is applied to the knowledge of power, but knowledge unsupported, and subject to power, but knowledge unsupported, and subject to the control and guidance of virtue. Therefore, suppose that you could establish as the rule and guidance of others, those who had the most moral self-training, do you think they would not fail in that power until enough to take all reason their own? Would not they fail in the power of themselves? The experiment was tried of old by the priests of Egypt; and in the empire of China, at this day, the principle is acted upon. From those who have most distinguished themselves in learned science. If I may call myself a member of that body, I will say for myself, I rather be an Englishman, however much disgusted with the Ministers and the Parliament, than I would be a Chinese under the rule of the pitched sages of the Celestial Empire. Happily, therefore, our free institutions are preserved by many things besides what is commonly called knowledge; and by great intellectual ministers, who, like Thunderclaw, have made small states great—and the most dominant of all these, who, like the Roman, carried their rule from a village half over the universe—have been distinguished by various qualities which a moralist would call 'and prejudices,' and 'unsound, false views of reason.'

Lumley. (slowly).—Sir, you make use of knowledge itself to argue against knowledge.

Parson.—Not so, my lord. I argue against the power of knowledge to make us happy. I argue against knowledge as a means of power. For here, I am in your Essay, that you are not consistent with raising human knowledge into our supreme deity. Human knowledge you must also confound her with virtue. According to you, we have only to diffuse the intellectual power of the few among the many, and all which we proclaim also is accomplished. Any one man may be as wise as another, because science announced to say, with the heathen Stoic, that even virtue is sure of happiness before it can be in the best road to it, you tell us plainly that this knowledge of yours gives not only the virtue of a saint, but knowledge like that of a God. Before the steps of your idol the evils of life disappear. To hear you, one has but to read books, and to be exempt from the cares and sorrows of the ignorant. Has it ever been so? I contest that you diffuse enough of this same knowledge ever attained by the few. Have the wise few been so unerring and so happy? You remember that the motto was accurately chosen from Bacon. What was Bacon himself? The poet tells you:

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!"

Can you hope to restore upon the vast mass of men the intellectual intelligence of this Lord Chancellor of nature? I doubt that you do so—and what guarantee have you for the virtue and the happiness which you assume as the consequence of the gift? Are you sure, then, will that knowledge sacrificing? what sin, pect and pitiful spirit? So far from intellectual knowledge, at least, then the God of the Twilight."

Lumley.—A combination remarkable in one as in individuals. Certain to a state Athenian—our masters in all knowledge were beat by the Spartans, who held learning in contempt."

Parson.—Wrestlers, you see, Leonard, that though Athens was in Italy were greater in the power of the world; that there are other as strong, and often much stronger; and the mentioning but a barren triumph. Let the wrestle as fingered a repetition, or it means something else you would find it very difficult to prove."

Leonard.—One nation may be beaten by another that has more scientific skill and yet more military discipline; which but, permit me to say, it is a species of knowledge."

Ricardson.—Yes, but your knowledge-mongers at present call upon us to discard military discipline as useless, and to rely upon the art of war, from the list of the useful arts. And in your own essay, you insist upon knowledge as the great disbeliever of crime, and the foe of all military discipline."

Lumley.—But the young man proceed. Notions, you say, may be beaten by other notions has learned and civilized?"

Ricardson.—Assuredly—let me think. Ah—I see, my lord, I have it. Leonard.

Parson.—If the cause be holy, do not weigh it in the scales of the market; it is objects be powerful, do not seek to arm it with the weapons of strife; if it to be the universal cause, do not resist it as the triumph of class against class."

Leonard (ingenuously). — You correct me now, Mr. Ricardson; I will not say that the teacher is like the candle, which lights others in consuming itself."

Parson.—Therefore he who has the true ambition of knowledge should entertain it for the power of his ideas, and for the power it may be to himself; it should be lodged in the conscience, and, like the conscience, look for no reward but its own peace. And when the diffusion knowledge is compatible with good and with evil, would not it be better to say, 'Knowledge is a curse!'"

Lumley.—You are right, my! said Leonard, cheerfully.

"pray pronounce."

Parson.—You ask me why we encourage you to assert. First, because (as you say pointedly) you are young. Secondly, because you are a man, in small a delight, and ought to be something for more. Like liberty, like religion, it may be abused; but I have no more right to say that the poor shall be ignorant, than I have to say that the rich only shall be free, and that the clergy alone shall learn the truths of redemption. You truly observe in your treatise, that knowledge comes to be useful in proportion to the choice of the masses, and another life than that of the few. The difference between us is this, that you forget that the same temptation which brings us new pleasures, exposes us to new pains and sorrows; that many of the greatest ills have arisen which sting the due ebb of the scholar. You forget also, that whatever within the sphere of its destiny, cannot be done and new temptations. Vanity, the desire of applause, pride, the sense of superiority—pursuing discoveries whose that superiority is not recognized—married unamiability, which comes with all new feelings—the undermining of simple pleasures—the loss of the intellectual—the chase of the impalpable, often undefined, and which, for image materialize, taken—all these are surely amongst the first temptations that beset the entrance into knowledge."

Leonard shaded his face with his hand.

"Bacon," continued the Parson, benignantly, "knew, as he from considering that we do all that is needful to accomplish ourselves as man, when we cultivate only the intellect, we should remember that we thereby confinedly increase the range of our desires, and therefore of our capacities; and we should endeavor, doubly, to counterbalance both these effects of the intellect by the cultivation of the moral. Which, then, was the greater man, Bacon the author, and sage the slave of the Knight of the Bath? Which the greater man, Milton the poet, or Milton the republican? Which the greater man, Milton the poet, or Milton the republican? Which the greater man, Milton the poet, or Milton the republican